WHEN HE WENT TO WAR

[Written for This Paper.]

When John W. Karle enlisted in company A, —— regiment of infantry, Iowa national guard, there was not the vestige of a war cloud above our national horizon. Private Karle, or Johnny as he was known to his family, was but 20 years of age, and so had to secure the consent of his father before the state of Iowa would accept his services as a soldier. That was easily accomplished, and for three months or more afterwards his mother and sisters were visitors at the hall, which served as a drillroom for Johnny's company, at every weekly drill. They watched with much pleasure his advancement in the duties of a soldier; they expressed their feelings in affectionate embraces when he graduated from the awkward squad into the ranks of the company, and after he had been in the service for six months and more they felt that the company captain was negligent to the best interests of his command when he had not seen fit to decorate Johnny's arm with a pair of chevrons.

But there was to come a day when their pride was to give way before a crushing sorrow, when they were to regret the day they had given permission that Johnny should enlist as a soldier. That day was when the first tiny war cloud appeared. Johnny, sensible boy that he was, said nothing of it. The rumors of a possible war did not disturb him in the least. He had been a soldier long enough to learn that it was his duty to obey when the order to march came, and not to speculate on the chances of the order coming.

It was his father who first discovered signs of war as he read the morning paper at the breakfast table. His sisters were still asleep, and his mother was in the kitchen giving the groceryman her orders for the day.

"Here is a chance for trouble, John," said the father; "better scour up that musket of yours a little."

Johnny was not enough interested to inquire where the trouble was coming from and the subject was dropped.

After father and son had left for the office the mother found time to read the morning paper, and the first thing she saw was the scare heading announcing a possible war.

"Goodness me, what if Johnny should have to go," she exclaimed. "I must speak to his father and have him get him out of the company right away."

Johnny's sisters did not read the paper that day, and it was two or three days later before the rumors of coming war warranted another scare head sufficiently large to attract their attention. Even then they did not realize that it was anything serious and attempted to have fun with their soldier brother over the possibility of war and his connection with it. The sisters' comments did not worry Johnny much, and they soon stopped. It was not until a week later that the first little war cloud had grown to such proportion that it reached from horizon to horizon, and Johnny was still a member of the company.

"Pa, have you asked for Johnny's release from the company?" asked the anxious mother at the breakfast table.

"Don't think I have, mother," he replied; "guess Johnny is old enough to ask for himself now if he wants out."

"But, pa, you know he won't do it, and here is this dreadful war coming on."

"Can't help it, mother. I am not making the war."

"I don't believe you care a bit if our boy does have to go and get shot down. I am going down to see the captain myself this very day. I'll just tell him he has to let my boy out of his wretched company."

His mother saw the captain, but did not secure Johnny's discharge, although she came away with a feeling that war was yet a long way off. The captain had not yet been swept away by the wild rumors he had heard. When he got orders to move he would believe that there was trouble in sight, until then he preferred to wait.

Shortly after Johnny had joined the company his grandmother had visted at his home and was as proud of him in his uniform as his mother and sisters were. Now she wrote to ask if he was still a member of the company, and if he would have to go if there was a war.

"I gave one son to the nation," she wrote, "and I do not feel that I am called upon to give a grandson now. If he is still in that company for goodness' sakes have him get out."

But Johnny did not get out. When the night for their weekly drill came around his mother and sisters tried to keep him from attending it, and when they did not succeed in that they decided to accompany him to the hall so as to bid him good-by if he should not be able to get back home again.

At the hall the company executed "fours right" and "fours left, column right," etc., and at the end of the drill the first sergeant published an order promoting Private Karle to a corporalcy, but no one said anything about war, or about leaving for the front that night.

Johnny's promotion caused his mother and sisters to forget their enmity for the captain because he would not let Johnny resign, as they termed it, and it was not until a letter arrived from his aunt the next day asking if Johnny was out of the company that they thought of the war again.

"I won't put up with this nonsense any longer. John has got to get out of that company this very day," and his mother put on her wraps and started for the office to enforce her demands.

But Johnny couldn't see it that way. He had just been made a corporal, and he couldn't think of quitting now, and, besides, he couldn't get a discharge if he wanted to.

Neighbors came in, the postman brought letters from other relatives, the mother and sisters cried and scolded, but all to no avail, for Johnny stayed in the company.

"Mrs. Karle, is John here?"

"He has just gone to bed."

"Well, tell him, please, that the captain wants him to notify his squad at once and have every man at the hall in an hour."

And before the frightened mother could ask for explanations the blue-coated sergeant had disappeared around the corner.

At the hall the captain said to his company:

"Men, the government has called on us to go to the front; this company will leave tomorrow at eight o'clock. I expect every man to report for duty."

War had come. Corp. Karle felt almost like remaining at the armory rather than face the ordeal at home, but he did not. When he reached the house he told them all. It was the father who first spoke.

"John, my son, I know not what you will be called upon to face before this war is over, but whatever it is face it like a man. Stand by the colors, and God grant that you may come home to us again."

"I echo those same sentiments for myself, my boy," said the weeping mother, "and I am proud that my boy is to follow the nation's flag."

At eight o'clock the next morning Corp. Karle left for the front with a mother's blessing resting on his head and a mother's prayers to follow him.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

THE INDIANS MILLY SAW

"Oh, dear, was there ever such a lonesome country as this?"

And Milly Rogers stood in the door of the little log house that was her home and gazed desolately across the river valley to the hills, two miles away, and up and down the length of the valley, winding but level, as far as she could see.

The early spring landscape did not please her eyes, for they had gazed upon the wooded hillsides of Ohio during the 11 years of her life, and to them the new Kansas, the Kansas of 12 [illegible]rs ago, was barren and lonesome.

The green had not yet begun to assert itself in the dried brown of the prairie grass, nor in the strip of trees that followed the narrow, high-banked river, upon whose edge their house was built—the bare-boughed trees that now roared and crashed in the strong wind that swept off the hills

"Papa and mamma said they would surely be home by noon, and here it's a quarter past, and I'm getting so scared. Last night, when they thought I was asleep, papa was reading about those dreadful Indians that have broken away from the reservation and are going back to the north through Kansas, and they are burning all the houses and killing all the people, and they are only a hundred miles west of us."

She was shivering now until her teeth shattered and her brown eyes were large and bright, as she went on, speaking in a half whisper.

"And mamma was scared, too. I know, 'cause she commenced to cry and said: 'Oh, John! what if they should come here! What would we do?' "

Milly turned and looked up the valley. The high, bleached prairie grass waved and bent in the roaring wind, and save for that the valley was unbroken—but yet, what was that, so far away, rising above the waves? Milly turned whiter yet and her heart seemed to stop beating.

A dark line rose in sight afar off—a confused mass, with a something bristling aloft. That surely was not there when she had looked before. To her frightened eyes that narrow streak of black was a band of the dreaded Indians, bearing aloft their battle spears.

She looked helplessly out south, where, at the foot of the first hill, their nearest neighbor lived—two long miles away.

"Somers have a big family," she panted, "and they would just as soon take care of me, too, and they won't be afraid, 'cause Bert's most 15, and I heard him say the other day that he would like to have a chance at Indian fighting. I'll saddle Pony and hurry right over."

Still white and trembling, though now active, she ran to the barn and buckled the saddle on her little pony. She was too hurried to go off after her bonnet, so she snatched off her gingham pinafore and tied it about her head.

As she urged her pony out of the barnyard she could almost hear the yells of the Indians and the sound of their horses' feet, but she could not be certain because of the wind roaring in her ears, and she did not have the courage to turn her head and look at them.

Milly had always boasted that Pony, the only consolation she had in her divorcement from her old home, was fleeter, in spite of diminutive size, than any horse in the country, but to-day she told herself that he positively crept, and that it was two hours before she neared her place of refuge.

The Somers family, finishing their dinner, heard hoofbeats on the road and rushed outdoors just as a black pony clattered up, bearing a white-faced little maid with unbraided brown hair flying and a blue gingham apron tied over her head, and followed by a lolling-tongued yellow dog.

The pony suddenly stopped and Milly dropped off, a breathless little heap, into big Bert Somers' arms.

"Bless the child!" exclaimed good, motherly Mrs. Somers, in concern. "Whatever is the matter? If your ma's sick, or your pa hurt, tell us, and we'll go right over."

Milly clung to Mrs. Somers in her struggle for breath and articulation, and pointed a trembling finger down the valley as she stammered:

"The Indians! They must be at our house by this time. Papa and mamma had to go over the hills to Lime Rock ranch this morning to sign some papers, and I was at home alone when I saw the Indians coming, so I saddled Pony and came over here as quick as I could. They were right down there when I first saw them, and—well, I declare!"

This in a more natural, if astonished tone, as her gaze followed the direction of her finger. Marshaled in battle array off to the west, with the spears still held bravely aloft in air, Milly saw the same dark column that had so frightened her at first—and in the same place. The Somers' house was in a direct line south of her own home, and on higher ground, so that now the dark line was not obscured by the tall grass and she could see that though the lances still waved in the wind, the Indians were not advancing—the column was as indistinct as when she first saw it.

"What is it?" She turned a perplexed and questioning face to Bert, but he was doubled over in an ecstasy of boyish laughter.

"What is it, Mr. Somers?" she asked, turning to the boy's kindly-faced father. "I thought it was a lot of those terrible Indians with their spears sticking up over their heads!"

"Bless your heart, little girl," he replied, sharply nudging the still convulsed Bert, it's the new brush that's growing up on the bank of Owl creek, down there. Ye see, four or five years ago the prairie fires was bad here, an' all the timber on the creek, from the river to the hills, was burned off, an' that one spot there on the edge of the creek, where it's low, is the only place that any's tried to grow. I s'pose ye was so used to seein' the valley, with the tall grass and the hills in front of ye and the trees on the river behind ye, that ye never really noticed that clump of bushes before." The reaction had taken place and Milly was crying nervously on Mrs. Somers' ample shoulder, as that good lady hastened to comfort her.

"There, there, dear, never mind about it. They do look like Indians, with them tall brush wavin' in the wind, and so far away that we can't make out anything, so don't you feel bad about getting scared. It would give me a start if I was alone and was to notice them for the first time. Just come in the house and get your face bathed, for I see your pa and ma driving down the hill back there, and we'll hail them, so you can tie your pony behind the wagon and ride home with them."

Twelve years make as much difference in a new country as they do in a little girl, and Milly Rogers is now mistress in a spacious, white-painted, green-blinded schoolhouse, built against one of those emerald hills, and the then barren and sparsely settled valley is now a thrifty neighborhood, dotted with comfortable farmhouses and green orchards. And upon the bank of Owl creek, in full view from the window of Milly's cozy, airy room, stands a clump of well-grown trees—perpetual reminders to that dignified young lady of that day so long ago when she thought the Indians were coming.—Ladies' World.

WAS A GENERAL'S BRIDE

It was the loneliest shanty on that long, lonely journey. The drought had lasted all through the summer, and the rainy season had come and gone without one fall to moisten the cracked ground. Our horses floundered along the red track, where the dust—a foot deep—hid all ruts and holes, which were only discovered as the bump of a wheel jerked us up from our seats, or the driver's quick oath followed sharp on a horse's stumble. The dust had caked all over the poor brutes, clinging to their growing winter coats and choking their nostrils. The desolation of Old Man Plain stretched round us. After the rains it is a great table of vivid green, but now there was not a blade of grass to break the monotony of the dreary landscape, and not a tree to cast its thin shadow on the burnt ground—a dreary expanse stretching unbroken to the horizon.

We were behind our time, and as we drew near the shanty we could see the fresh team of five horses waiting for us. As we pulled up the groom slouched forward to unhook our horses. He watched me pretty narrowly as I got down from the dusty coach to lean on the fence while I cut up my tobacco. There was something in those furtive looks that made me pause, with pipe half filled, and take a good look at the man. Surely there was something dimly familiar in the tall, loosely-knit figure, something that recalled a time when rheumatism had not bent the shoulders. Behind the thickened features I seemed to see a clear-cut face that once was handsome, and beneath the beard a small, boyish mustache. Then I started forward and caught him by the arm. "My God, Carlton!" I said, "is it you?"

When our old general came back to India after his long leave in England and astonished us all by appearing with a beautiful young wife, of course there were not wanting people at the hill station to prophesy how it would end. He was not a popular man. He was a cantankerous brute to us youngsters, and, though he was a great "ladies' man," we at the station had been wont to laugh at his efforts to captivate the fair sex. But now we felt that we could laugh no longer. She almost took my breath away when I first saw her, with her warm beauty, the full round curves of her, and her red lips. I pitied her from the first, but with some indignation in my pity that a woman, who could have won a hot young fervor of devotion, should join herself to a wornout rake. I feared the time when she should find out her mistake—and that night Carlton, my fellow-subaltern and chum, burst into my quarter, shaking all over as with agony, and told me, his voice broken with sobs, that this was the girl he had so often raved of to me; that it was she he had worked and saved for; that it was her letters that every month or so had sent him into a rush of tempestuous spirits. When I heard his voice tremble as he told of the tears in her eyes when she recognized him, and grow wild as he cursed the man who married her and swore to murder him or put a bullet in his own head, I felt that the scandal talkers were more prophetic than they imagined, and that coming tragedy had already cast its shadow over us. It was worse still after the first dance. Carlton would go, in spite of my efforts to dissuade him, and of course they had an interview and perilous explanations.

Jove! what a night that was, that night of our regimental dance! On the darkness of the veranda, dimly lighted here and there by colored paper lanterns, the night air gently rustled the leaves of the great trumpet flower that climbed the posts and breathed the soft hum of insect life. There was a spangled, starry sky outside with the tall palms waving against it. The music of the band, the softness of a girl's warm arm and the fragrance of her breath were intoxicating to us young fellows who had been stewing in purgatory, and little time had I to think of Carlton, though I once caught a glimpse of him as he went along the veranda, and the gleam of a white satin dress. It was Carlton's hour, for gout had kept the general a prisoner at home.

The great unrest of an Indian night was around us. There was a clash of monotonous music from the village and the dirge-like sound of tuneless singing. The music and clash of tom-toms grew nearer, and lights flashed along the road. A procession of natives came past dancing and waving their arms, some carrying torches and others brightly colored lamps. The lights blazed on the small-humped bullocks and on the wagon they drew, on which a high, gaudily painted throne was built, and there, perched far above the surrounding crowd, sat two tiny children wrapped in gorgeous silk and embroideries and bedecked with shining tinsel ornaments that weighed down their small shoulders. They clung nervously to each other and to the gilded sides of their throne as it swayed from side to side. This was their bridal procession.

"Marriages are made in Heaven, aren't they, old fellow?" said Carlton's voice at my elbow, with a note of cynicism in it that was new. We stood on the veranda steps to watch the procession out of sight. I half turned as he spoke to make some reply, when I saw the light from the open door shining on the girl's face that looked up into his, and my words died away as I noticed its ghastly pallor and trembling white lips. She drew her cloak round her, but her hand shook and could not fasten the clasp. Then she suddenly turned to me. "Please take me to my carriage," she said, "I am so tired." She spoke no word as we threaded our way through the guests, only now and then her hand tightened involuntarily on my arm. "Good night," I said as I closed her carriage door; but the only sound that came back to me was a stifled sob.

Carlton came down to my quarters that night. He laughed and talked so loudly that I thought he had been drinking. "You'd better turn in, old fellow," I said, but as he stood there with his flushed face and heated eyes another idea came to me. I caught him by the shoulder as he was going. "Carlton, old man," I said, "for God's sake don't be a fool." He laughed as he shook off my hand, and his noisy song echoed with the banging of my door.

Next day even the most inveterate gossip had subject enough for talk, for two people were missing from the station, and these two were the general's bride and a junior subaltern.

These scenes passed one by one before my mental sight, and then I opened my eyes to the dreary track, the broken fence whereon I leaned, and the shabby, worn-out groom at my side. I turned and glanced at the shanty with its iron roof reddened with dust, and curved in at one corner over a broken veranda post. A woman crossed the yard and went through the open door. She had taken some clothes from the line, and they hung from her arm. She wore no hat, and the breeze caught and blew her gray-streaked hair in wisps across her face and loosened the unbecoming knot in which it was twisted. A loose, draggled gown hung over her shapeless figure. Carlton followed my gaze and laughed shortly.

"Yes," he said, "she is here with me. Perhaps you don't recognize her."—Kolar Gold Fields News.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

Gems by the Thous[illegible]ake It the Heaviest Diadem in Europe.

Queen Victoria's crown is constructed of jewels taken from old crowns, and other stones provided by her majesty. It consists of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds. The stones, which are set in gold and silver, incased in a crimson velvet cap, with a border of ermine, the whole of the interior being lined with the finest white silk. Above the crimson border, on the lower edges of the band, is a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls. Round the upper part of the band is a border of one hundred and twelve pearls. In front, stationed between the two borders of pearls, is a huge sapphire, purchased by George IV., set in the center of valuable pearls. At the back, in the same position, is another, but smaller, sapphire.

The sides are adorned with three sapphires, and between these are eight emeralds. Above and below the sapphires, extending all around the crown, are placed at intervals fourteen large diamonds, the eight emeralds being encircled by a cluster of diamonds, one hundred and twenty-eight in number. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen ornaments, each consisting of eight diamonds. Above a circular bend are eight sapphires, set separately, encircled by eight diamonds. Between each of these eight sapphires are eight festoons of eighteen diamonds each. In front of the crown is a diamond Maltese cross, in the center of which glistens the famous ruby given to Edward I. by Don Pedro the Cruel. This is the stone which adorned the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The center of the ruby is hollowed out, and the space filled, in accordance with the eastern custom, with a smaller ruby. The Maltese cross is formed of seventy-five splendid diamonds. At each of the sides and at the back is a Maltese cross with emerald centers, containing respectively one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and twenty-four and one hundred and thirty sparkling diamonds.

Level with the four Maltese crosses, and stationed between them, are four ornaments shaped like the fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the center, and surrounded by diamonds, containing eighty-five, eighty-six and eighty-seven diamonds. From the Maltese crosses spring four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and diamonds. The leaves are formed of seven hundred and twenty-eight diamonds; thirty-two pearls represent the acorns and fifty-four diamonds the cups. From the upper part of the imperial arches hang suspended four large pendant-shaped pearls set in diamond cups, each cup being formed of twelve diamonds, the stems from each of the four hanging pearls being incrusted with twenty-four diamonds. Above the arch is the mount, which is made of four hundred and thirty-eight diamonds. The zone and arc are represented by thirty-three diamonds. On the summit of the throne is a cross, which has for its center a rose-cut sapphire set in the center of fourteen large diamonds. Altogether the crown comprises one large ruby, one large sapphire, twenty-six smaller sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, sixteen hundred and thirty-three brilliants, twelve hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds, four pendant-shaped pearls and two hundred and seventy-three smaller pearls. It is the heaviest and most uncomfortable diadem of any crowned head in Europe.—Manufacturing Jeweler.

ONE SECRET OF MUSIC.

The Attempt of Haydn to Define the Different Keys.

The meaning of the different keys in music is thus set down in a letter written in 1808 and printed in a book entitled "Letters on the Celebrated Composer, Haydn:"

F—This key is rich, mild, sober and contemplative.

D minor possesses the same qualities, but of a heavier and darker cast; more doleful, solemn and grand.

C—Bold, vigorous and commanding; suited to the expression of war and enterprise.

A minor—Plaintive, but not feeble.

G—Gay and sprightly; being the medium key, it is adapted to the greatest range of subjects.

E minor—Persuasive, soft and tender.

D—Ample, grand and noble; having more fire than C, it is suited to loftiest purposes.

B minor—Bewailing, but in too high a tone to excite commiseration.

A—Golden, warm and sunny.

F sharp minor—Mournfully grand.

E—Bright and pellucid, adapted to brilliant subjects.

B—Keen and piercing; seldom used.

B flat—The least interesting of any. It has not sufficient fire to render it majestic or grand, and is too dull for song.

G minor—Meek and pensive. Replete with melancholy.

E flat—Full and mellow, somber, soft and beautiful. It is a key in which all musicians delight. Though less decided in character than some of the others, the regularity of its beauty renders it a universal favorite.

C minor—Complaining, having something of the cast of B minor.

A flat—The most lovely of the tribe. Unassuming, gentle, soft, delicate and tender, having none of the pertness of A in sharps. Every author has been sensible to the charm of this key, and has reserved it for the expression of his most refined sentiments.

F minor—Religious, penitential and gloomy.

D flat—Awfully dark.—St. Louis Republic.

Simplicity of Science.

Student—I learn that there are cases in which people have had from childhood an uncontrollable desire to eat soap. What is the cause of that?

Learned Professor—They are victims of sappessomania.

Student—Um—what does sappessomania mean?

Learned Professor—A desire to eat soap.—N. Y. Weekly.